

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, January 21, 1804.

[No. 64]

THE FATAL EFFECTS  
OF  
FASHIONABLE LEVITIES,

OR, THE

## STORY OF FLAVILLA.

*(Concluded from page 82.)*

HE started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favorite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardor of friendship; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator

tor tacitly consented: he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted. This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings but go home with him; and that he would himself take such mea-

sures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper was now ready; her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonoring his bed; of this, he said, he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself and that he was determined to see her no more.

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it



would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting if she should have found him whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much entreaty and expostulation at last engaged upon his honor for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprize and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet, which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that, in a question so doubtful and of such

importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words:

"Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your sake, wish them other than they are. The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly entreat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips while they are yet sensible of the impression."

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighboring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.



### SLEEP-WALKING.

IT is wonderful that this unaccountable habit is not more frequently the occasion of melancholy accidents. On the contrary, persons liable to it have often been known to walk through very intricate and dangerous places with the greatest safety.

The following remarkable account of a sleep-walker may perhaps not be unacceptable to some of our readers. It is taken from the *Vignuel Marvillian* of Noel Bonaventure d'Argonne.

One of my friends (says the author) having invited me to pass a few days in the country, I accepted his offer, and met with much good company, and several persons of distinction; among them there was an Italian gentleman, whose name was Agostini Fotari, who walked in his sleep, and performed all the ordinary actions of life as well as when awake.

He did not appear to be above thirty years of age, very thin, dark complexion, melancholy appearance, of a solid, penetrating genius, capable of comprehending the most abstract sciences. The approach of his derangement was generally at the increase of the moon, and stronger during autumn and winter than spring and summer. I had a strange curiosity to see what they said of him. I communicated my wishes to his valet; he told me wonderful things, and promised to inform me when his master performed his pleasant scene.

One evening near the end of October, we sat down after supper to play at cards. Signior Agostini was of the party, but soon retired to bed. About eleven o'clock, his valet came to inform us, that his master was inflicted, if we wished to see him. I observed him some time with a candle in my hand; he was sleeping on his back, and slept with his eyes open, but they were steadily fixed; this, according to the valet's account was a certain sign of approaching derangement. I felt his hands; they were cold and his pulse so languid, that it seemed as if his blood did not circulate. Near about midnight, Signior Agostini violently pulled the curtains of his bed, he took his belt, which hung on the bed post, but from which his sword had been taken for fear of an accident. Thus dressed, he made several turns,



round his chamber, then went towards the fire, and seated himself in an arm chair.

A short time after this he went into a closet where his portmanteau was; this he searched a long time, turned every thing out, replaced them again in good order, and put the key in his pocket, from whence he took a letter and placed it on the mantle-piece. He then went to the chamber-door, opened it, and descended the stairs; when he got to the bottom one of us jumped with great force; this seemed to frighten him and he redoubled his pace.

His valet desired us to walk slowly, and not to speak, because when the noise which is made mixes with his dream, he becomes furious, and runs very fast, as though he were pursued.

Signior Agostini now traversed the court-yard, which was very spacious, and went to the stable; he entered it, caressed his horse, bridled, and wanted to saddle it, but not finding the saddle in its usual place, he appeared much disturbed, like a person out of his senses. He mounted the horse, and galloped to the door of the house; it was shut. He dismounted, took a stone, and struck very forcibly against one of the pannels. After several useless efforts to open the door, he led his horse towards a pond, which was on the other side of the court-yard, let him drink, then led it to a post, and came back to the house in a tranquil state.

To the noise which the servants made in the kitchen, he was very attentive, went towards the door, and placed his ear to the key-hole. On a sudden he went to a parlor, where there was a billiard-table: there he struck the balls, and put himself in all the different postures which people who play the game, find it necessary to assume sometimes. From thence he went to an harpsichord, on which he played tolerably well, but it seemed to disorder him very much. At last, after two hours exercise, he returned to his chamber, and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the bed, where we found him at nine o'clock next morning in the posture we left him.

In these paroxysms he always slept nine or ten hours. The valet informed us there were but two ways of rousing him—one, to tickle the bottom of his

feet; the other, to sound a horn, or play a trumpet at his ears.

*On the Folly of what is generally called a GENTEEL EDUCATION.*

[Addressed to the editor of a London work.]

AS a warning to parents in my station of life, to avoid the sorrow I feel in having given my daughters a genteel education, I would make my history public; and knowing no better way of doing it, than sending it to you, I have drawn up the following sketch, which you will oblige an old man by inserting speedily as possible.

I was the only son of an industrious, careful farmer, who, dying soon after I came of age, left me in possession of a small estate well stocked. My mother being dead some years before my father, a sister, of whom I was very fond, kept my house. We were both very industrious and frugal, and Providence smiled upon our labors, so that I made new purchases every year, both of land and stock. In this way we went on for several years, till, unfortunately for me, (as I then thought,) a neighbor of ours lost his wife, and prevailed on my Mary to repair his loss, and take upon herself the care of his dairy instead of mine. This was a great stroke; and I was obliged to look out for a wife when my sister had left me. Many were my advisers on this occasion; and, indeed it seemed to me, that I might have had half the farmers' daughters in my neighborhood. At length I married a young woman, who appeared what I have always found her, a good tempered, industrious soul, who has done every thing in her power to make my days comfortable. We have had a large family, ten of whom are living; of this number six are daughters: it is of them I am about to write.

You must understand that my wife had a sister who married in London, and lives quite in a genteel way, as my daughters call it. When our eldest girl was about fourteen years old, we were favored with a visit from this lady. It may be thought our family would appear extremely awkward to their polite relation, having had no other education than at a day-school in the neighboring town, whither the children walked every morning, and returned in the evening.

The good lady told her sister it was a sad thing not to give the girls a chance in the world, and proposed that the three eldest should go with her to town for a year or two; where she would place them in a good boarding-school, that they might attain a few accomplishments proper for young ladies whose father would be able to give them a pretty fortune.

Not knowing what *accomplishments* signified, I was easily persuaded to comply with the united request of the mother and daughters; and off went the latter with their London aunt. She soon found a school for them, either in or near town, I forget which; and gave orders to the governess to teach them music, French, drawing, dancing, and all that is thought proper to qualify a fine lady for passing through life. Three years passed in this way, during which we often received letters from the children, telling us of their improvements in many things to which we were entire strangers. You must know, that this must have been a very expensive time to me; but I did not much mind that, believing it was all for the good of the young people; and as my wife told me, that it would raise their fortune. The period being arrived for their return home, they were accompanied by their aunt, who prided herself much on the accomplishments of her nieces; and, indeed, I cannot but own I felt myself pleased to hear them sing, and play on a musical instrument they brought home with them; and also tho't their fine drawings and needle-work very pretty things.

Very foolishly I consented that my three youngest girls should return with their aunt, to receive the same polish which appeared so charming in their sisters. But the consequences of this polite education were not yet fully visible; though they began, in a degree, to make their appearance even before our relation left us. The report that the Miss C—s were come from school, procured us the honor of a number of visits from the gay part of the neighboring town, with whom, till then, we had not the least connection; and as our house was only a pleasant evening's walk from B—, many of our gentry, who came over to take a cup of tea, were so delighted with the situation, and the entertainment, that supper-time came before they could depart; and then, perhaps, a bit of cold ham, or a



country cheese-cake, would tempt them to prolong their stay for a few moments: a glass of wine after supper followed of course, and midnight only put an end to these friendly visits. The inconvenience to my wife and her maids was inconceivable: two or three hours of sleep is of great consequence in the country. An additional maid-servant was soon found indispensable; for our poor girls could do no kind of domestic work, and their taste for dress and company took up all their time.

The succeeding winter they received invitations to the subscription ball at B—; and as they had been permitted to attend such diversions while at school, it would now have been cruel to have denied them the same pleasure; therefore they regularly went to every ball, and generally returned some time in the morning, in a chaise I was obliged to hire on these occasions. Thus passed two more years; my all-accomplished daughters attracted universal admiration among our acquaintance; and to do them justice in this point, as far as I can judge, they certainly are very fine ladies. However, I thought it time to send for my youngest children; and therefore wrote to my sister, desiring they might be sent home, believing I had been at sufficient expense already to give my daughters that which I now began to discover had done them more injury than any thing their greatest enemies could have wished.

My whole family are now at home together: I have a house full of genteel girls, who can, with the grasshopper in the fable, dance and sing from morning to evening every day; but neither of them can be persuaded to pay any attention to plain work, or to assist their mother in family affairs.

It is now several years that our house has been a scene of confusion: a round of visits are paid and received by my daughters, who seem to consider themselves as born to no other end than, like butterflies, to amuse themselves by fluttering about from pleasure to pleasure. They read a great deal of that sort of trash of which I am informed circulating libraries in small towns are composed; and, fortunately, they also see your Monthly Museum. It will therefore oblige me if you will insert this letter therein, that they may be convinced I feel for their situation as well as my own

imprudence. Some of them are now marriageable; but as they have no qualifications to fit them for farmers' or tradesmen's wives, and as I cannot give them fortunes to induce gentlemen to marry them, I fancy they must live single. What will become of them when I am gone I cannot tell; their fortunes will not support them in the style they wish to live in; and, unless they will pay a little more attention to the common affairs of life, I fear they will be very miserable. Perhaps, if some of your kind correspondents would give them a little advice on their future conduct, it might do them good: but their mother and myself are thought *too old* and *unfashionable* to direct the behavior of young ladies who are so genteel.

A REPENTANT FATHER.

To the Editors of the Weekly Visitor.

I AM one to whom the destiny of fate has allotted the arduous employment of a Teacher. Tho' fatiguing beyond description, I have ever taken the highest satisfaction, in exerting all my little share of talents, to the advancement of those entrusted to my care; and have ever felt a peculiar pleasure in building up the fabric of the mind,—but here must end all the happiness of a teacher's life.—Neglected by those who should patronize and befriend him, considered unfit to be seen at the same table, or seated in the same parlor, with the children who are to be taught by him; he is pointed at in the street, as stiff, frigid, pedantic and awkward, and the young are cautioned against imbibing any of his airs and gestures, at the same time that they are to receive from him, every thing that is to form them for a commerce with the world,—“A genteel Teacher,” say the fashionable “is a phenomenon in Nature”——

But these contemptuous sarcasms are trifles compared with the capricious whims of foolishly fond, and inconsiderately indulgent parents.

To give you an idea, Messrs. Editors, what we poor Teachers have to experience from the blind weakness of parents I will just give the occurrences in my Academy for a week past.

*Monday.*—Being the day after New-year, all my pupils must go to play.

*Tuesday.*—After arranging my classes for the morning, a patron enters, tells me he has to request that I would give his boy a sound beating for spending all the day before in the Park, pitching coppers, tho' he went there by his own consent.

*Wednesday.*—In calling for tasks, a little girl tells me her mama said she must be excused from her task, having been taken up Monday and Tuesday with a tea party, or as Miss More expresses it, “a baby ball,” this same mother sends similar messages at least thrice a month, and as often sends for me to visit her, when I am sure to be scolded for the non-improvement of her child, who she takes care to extol to the highest for gravity, and assiduous attention to her books.

*Thursday.*—To day a lady brings her son to my school, wishing him to be instructed, tho' she thinks my charge extravagant she concludes to leave him after an unsuccessful attempt to make me abate fifty cents from my accustomed price, telling me that was what she paid Mr. Gravity the last quarter, and what she had paid the preceding quarters in two other seminaries—so that here in fifteen minutes I had learned that the boy had been in three schools in the same number of quarters: from this I might reasonably expect little credit for whatever pains I might bestow, for, “A rolling stone gathers no moss,” as Poor Richard says.

*Friday.*—Having detected a little girl in some misdemeanor and “a little falsehood or two,” I felt it my duty to correct her, which having done in a manner far from coercive, dismissed her: vexed at my chastisement she ran bawling thro' the streets, to her mother, entered a most lamentable tale of woe—The tender hearted mama says, “her little dear shall not be used so,” gives her two or three kisses, and me as many (though perhaps secret) curses, and in the height of her grief, posted off with her child by the hand to my room to examine into the matter, here she commenced an attack upon me in presence of my Usher, and perhaps twenty pupils: upon being told the truth, and having it proved, she became quite divested of reason, and left the room, using language quite unbecoming her sex and still more unbecoming the mother of a family of children.



*Saturday.*—To-day master Tommy informed me that his papa, did not wish him to read in the Bible, as it was quite "*an unfashionable book.*"

Blush ye doating parents and resolve to let reason dictate the education of your children.

## ADJECTIVE.

January 8, 1804.

Should the above be thought worthy a place, I may send another communication on the subject, which will be, I hope, more deserving notice.

A.

## AWKWARD SITUATION OF MARRIED LADIES,

*in the absence of their Husbands.*

BY A WIDOW BEWITCH'D.

A LADY wishes to go to the play—*it is not a fashionable one*; she sends to one family—a member is sick; to another—they have an engagement; to a third—they have seen it, or are not inclined to see it:—she might go this round to eternity;—or there may be a family going, whom, if they were to ask her, she would be happy to accompany; but if she was to ask them, they might think they conferred a favor; and, as her ideas and their's might not coincide in that point, it stops.—A gentleman drops in, and, in the course of conversation, her wish to see the play escapes her:—he offers his services—she goes. If he is gay (I mean cheerful) and unmarried,—I wonder, exclaims Prudilla, that Mrs. Such-a-one would go with a rake!—If he is grave,—Ah! says another, that grave face of his is only a cloak.—If he is married (though the lady may be his wife's most intimate friend)—I wonder, says a little bit of ill-nature, who thinks all attention ought to centre in herself, I wonder how she can take a married man from his family!—Well, then, to avoid all this, she goes alone;—she is attended to the theatre, and seen safely seated in a box:—the ladies make remarks—

A poor forsaken She, you know,  
Can do no credit to a beau.

The gentlemen are——No—I will not say they are impertinent on the occasion (for I have gone alone, and never experienced any such behavior)——The fable of the Old Man and his Ass occurs to one's mind——To please every body is to please nobody.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY USAGE OF HUSBANDS AT KERSPACH.

BETWEEN Bomberg and Erlang, not far from Bayusdorf, lies a village, or country town, called Kerspach, which belongs to the Margrave of Bareith, in Germany, and is remarkable for a strange custom, practised by the inhabitants, which is as follows.

If a man has been married a year, or fifteen months at most, and his wife shows no likelihood of increasing his family, with a son or daughter, he is carried out of the village on a wooden horse, or pole, and plunged into a pond. As soon as the person who has undergone this discipline gets out of the water, he is at liberty to lay hold on any one of the by-standers if he can, who is plunged into the water in the same manner; and this concludes the farce.

It happened once that the margrave of Bareith passed through this town when one of these processions was exhibited, and was desirous of seeing this extraordinary ceremony, little imagining, that the person who had been thrown into the water, might possibly take his revenge on the lord of the country, as in fact it happened. The margrave only laughed at first at the odd fancy of the man who made towards him; but the whole village gathered round his post-chaise, and insisting on their rights, as founded on a very ancient custom, he was obliged not only to give them a sum of money to make them drink, but likewise to deliver up to them his running footman, whom, for the greater confirmation of their favorite privilege, they obliged to undergo the discipline of the pond.

If these people are severe against such as do not propagate their species in a lawful way, though probably it may be no fault of their's, what punishment might *old bachelors* expect to suffer, if the Kerspach law should prevail in the world?

## ANECDOTES.

AS two gentlemen the other day were settling an account at the coffee-house, one of them drew out of his pocket book a great number of bank-notes, which induced a gentleman in the same box to exclaim, that he wished he had as many as he could carry of them. "Then sir," replied the other, "I do not mind that, but I think I could carry more than the bank of England could supply me with, for I think I could carry in ten pound bank-notes as much as the national debt amounts to; upon which the other gentleman offered to lay him a wager of fifty guineas, that he and nine more of the strongest men he could select, could not carry the amount of the national debt in ten pound notes, for the distance of one mile without pitching: the wager was immediately accepted, and a calculation took place, when it was found, that 512 bank-notes weighed exactly one pound weight; and 242 millions, which is computed to be the national debt, weighs 47,265 pounds; when divided among a hundred people, the weight that every one would have to carry would be 471 pounds 6 ounces per man. The gentleman who had accepted the wager, was struck with astonishment, and immediately paid the money without having any recourse to a trial.

The following incident really fell out in an Essex stage-coach a few years ago. Two passengers set out from their inn in London, early on a December morn. It was dark, and one of them not being sleepy, and wishing for a little conversation, endeavored, in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his neighbor to discourse. "A very dark morn, sir.—Shocking cold weather for travelling.—Slow going in these heavy roads, sir," &c. None of these questions producing a word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hand, and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed—"What a very comfortable coat, sir, you have got to travel in!" No answer was made, and the enquirer, fatigued and disgusted, fell into a profound nap, nor awoke till the rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by presenting to his astonished view a huge bear, (luckily for him, muzzled and confined,) in a sitting posture!



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, January 21, 1804.

During the late epidemic, the publication of the *Visitor* was of necessity suspended for ten weeks: by this we were prevented from publishing a whole volume in a year, which ended on the 1st of October last. In order to remedy this, we purpose issuing two or more numbers per week until the deficiency is made up. This measure being recommended by many of our friends, we have reason to expect a general concurrence.

Such as wish to replace their soil'd or lost numbers, may be supplied at our office, at 4 cents each.

\* \* Country subscribers will please to take notice, our terms are, pay in advance.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 29 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of a bilious fever 1—dropsy in the head 1—scarlet fever 1—inflammation of the lungs 1—apoplexy 1—fits 6—hives 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—consumption 4—old age 1—chincough 1—peripneumony 1—dropsy 1—decay 1—putrid fever 1—inflammation 1—small pox 1—phthisic 2—disorders not mentioned 2.

Of this number 12 were adults and 17 children.

### (OFFICIAL)

SIR, New Orleans Dec. 20.

I have the pleasure to inform you that on this day the City of New-Orleans and its dependencies were amicably surrendered to the United States—And on this occasion I pray you to receive my sincere congratulations. Accept assurances of great respect,

from your obt. serv't.

WM. C. C. CLAIBORNE.

Hon. Cato West,  
Secretary of the M. T.

### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, JAN. 13.

*The Marriage Promise, (Allingham)*  
and *A House to be sold, (Cobb)*

This comedy is well supported in all parts and gains ground in the favor of the public. The cast will show that it is a well play'd play.

Charles Merton, Mr. Tyler—Sidney,  
Mr. Martin—Consols, Mr. Hogg—Poly-  
cy, Mr. Hallam, jun.—Tandem, Mr. Har-  
wood—Woodland, Mr. Hallam—George  
Howard, Mr. Fennell—Jeffries, Mr.  
Johnson—Thomas, Mr. Robinson—Bailiff,  
Mr. Shapter—Constables, Messrs. San-  
derson & Macdonald—Servant, Mr. Sey-  
mour—Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Melmoth—  
Mary Woodland, Mrs. Hallam—Mrs.  
Harvey, Mrs. Hogg—Emma, Mrs. John-  
son—Margery, Mrs. Seymour.

MONDAY, JANUARY 16.

*The Marriage Promise, (Allingham)*  
and *Raymond and Agnes, or, The Bleeding*  
*Nun, a pantomime. Music by Pelissier.*

The play has encreased in attraction, and was greatly applauded by a brilliant audience.

The afterpiece is well put together, and a very interesting story very well told by action. It does credit to the Theatre. The music has great merit.

We give the cast and plot of the pantomime from the bills.

Count of Lindenburg, Mr. Hallam,—  
Don Felix, Mr. Johnson—Raymond, Mr.  
Martin—Baptiste, Mr. Harper—Claud,  
Mr. Shapter—Robert, Mr. Fennell—Ja-  
ques, Mr. Hallam, jun.—Theodore, Mr.  
Hogg—Gentleman, Mr. Robinson—Wai-  
ter, Mr. Sanderson—Servant, Mr. Sey-  
mour—Countess, Mrs. Darby—Bleeding  
Nun, Mrs. Hallam—Agnes, Miss Patton,  
Nannette, Mrs. Seymour—Maugurette,  
Mrs. Harper—Nuns, Monks, & Robbers.

Sketch of the principal scenes in the pantomime.

SCENE a Chamber in the Castle of  
*Don Felix*, Raymond discovered at his  
studies, is interrupted by the entrance  
of Don Felix, (his father) who informs  
him, 'tis his wish he should go upon  
his travels. Theodore, his favorite do-  
mestic, intreats to accompany him.  
Scene, a Street with a view of a Hotel  
and Convent. Procession of Nuns and

Friars, Chorus, the departure of Agnes,  
the daughter of Count Lindenburg from  
the Convent, during which, Raymond  
and Theodore enter the Hotel. They  
proceed on their journey, under the  
guidance of Claud, one of the Banditti  
infesting the neighboring forest. Scene,  
a Forest at midnight, with a Hovel, enter  
Baptiste, (one of the Banditti) disguised  
as a Woodman; the carriage of Ray-  
mond and Theodore breaking down,  
Claud points to the Hovel, informs them  
they may there find shelter for the night.  
Scene, Another part of the Forest, Agnes  
and her attendants benighted. Scene,  
the inside of the Hovel, Raymond and  
Theodore are introduced by Baptiste.  
Theodore is shown to his room by Mau-  
gerette; Robert and Jaques, (sons to  
Baptiste) enter armed, making a servile  
obedience to Raymond, who is conducted  
to his chamber by Robert, who deter-  
mines to murder him. Scene, the For-  
est, Agnes is met by Claude, and puts  
herself under his guidance. Scene, the  
Bed-room prepared for Raymond; Mau-  
gerette wishing to preserve the life of  
Raymond from the Assassins, conceals  
herself. Raymond is retiring to rest,  
but is prevented by Maugerette, who  
shows him a bloody pillow. Robert en-  
ters, attempts to murder him, is prevent-  
ed, and Raymond at his request, goes  
down to supper. Scene, the lower  
apartment of the Hovel; Robert informs  
his father and brother of the ineffectual  
attempt on the life of Raymond. A  
knocking is heard without. Agnes is  
led in by Claud, attended by Servants,  
Supper is prepared, Opiates are mixed  
with the Wine, Agnes drinks and falls  
into a slumber. Maugerette begs Ray-  
mond not to drink, but to put on the  
semblance of sleep. Baptiste sends Ro-  
bert and Jaques to secure the Servants,  
who have retired, and supposing Ray-  
mond at rest, prepares to murder him.  
Raymond seizes him, and Baptiste falls  
by the hand of Maugerette, who points  
out a secret avenue, through which she,  
taking her Child, Raymond and Agnes  
escape.

Act 2, Scene, inside of Lindenburg  
Castle; a Picture of the mother of Ag-  
nes, the late countess. The Count en-  
ters, viewing the picture with agitation,  
kneels to implore forgiveness for having  
murdered her. Agnes, bro't in by Ray-  
mond, who is introduced to the present  
Countess, she becomes enamored of him  
and offers him her picture, which he  
rejects. Scene, the Chamber of Agnes;



Portrait of a Nun, with a wound upon her breast, a Lamp, Dagger, and a Rosary on her arm. Agnes is discovered, drawing, Raymond entering unperceived, throws himself at her feet, and obtains a promise of her hand. He requests an explanation of the picture of the Bleeding Nun; she informs him in a song 'tis the resemblance of a Spectre which haunts the Castle every 5th year. The Count and Countess approach, and in anger order Raymond to quit the Castle. *The out side of the Castle*; Raymond about to depart is diverted by the sound of a Mandoline. A paper, lowered by Agnes from the Castle, containing a drawing of the Nun, with the following scroll; "When the Castle Bell tolls one, expect me like this Bleeding Nun." Scene, *Forest*; Robbers coming from the burial of Baptiste and Robert. Chorus, Scene, *Outside of the Castle, as before*, Raymond enters, the clock strikes one, the Gates fly open, the Apparition of the Nun comes from the Castle, Raymond (supposing it Agnes) follows. Theodore approaching, is met by Agnes in the habit of a Nun, agitated at the apparent neglect of Raymond. They retire. Raymond following the Spectre, (still supposing it Agnes) attempts to embrace it, when suddenly vanishing, a Cloud rises from the earth bearing the following inscription; "*Protect the Child of the murdered Agnes.*" Scene, *Mountains*, Jaques, Claud, and the Robbers. Theodore and Agnes enter, Agnes is seized and borne into the Cavern. Scene, *Street*, Theodore and Maugerette meet Raymond and inform him of Agnes being seized by the Robbers, they hasten to her rescue. Scene, *inside of the Cavern*; the Robbers cast lots for the possession of Agnes. she becomes the prize of Jaques, he attempts to seize her, she resists, he aims a stilet to at her breast; at this instant, Raymond, Theodore, and Maugurette rush in, with Soldiers; the Robbers submit, and the piece concludes.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18.

John Bull, (Colman) and Raymond and Agnes.

Notwithstanding the severe cold, John Bull drew a numerous and very genteel audience—but where should one fly from the inclement wind if not to "An Englishman's Fireside."?



### Married,

On Wednesday evening last week, at the Friends' Meeting, Stephen Grellet, merchant, of this city, to Rebecca Collins, daughter of Isaac Collins, printer.

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. William Post, to Miss Sarah Vanderhoeven.

Same evening, Mr. William McCarter, to Miss Isabella Forsythe, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, Joseph D. Fay, esq. to Miss Caroline Broome, daughter of Samuel Broome, esq. of Greenfield-hill, (Con.)

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. I. B. Karsheedi, to Miss Sarah A. Seixas, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, on Thursday evening the 12th inst. capt. John Coffin, of this city, to Mrs. Patience Adams, of Amwell, (N. J.)

At Farmington, the 29th ult. Mr. Preserved Marshall, innholder, to Miss Aphia Woodford,—after a courtship of 21 years!



### Died,

On Sunday Morning last. Mrs. Grace Babcock, aged 60 years.

On Thursday the 12th inst. in the 61st year of his age, Mr. Rosewell Saltonstall, late a merchant of New-London.

A few days ago, in Hopewell township, York county, Pennsylvania, John Quarterman, aged 108 years and 8 months.

At Union, a few weeks since, Mr. John Lafflin, a native of Ireland, aged 105.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday the 14th inst. in the 67th year of his age, Mr. Zachariah Poulson, printer, father of the editor of the American Daily Advertiser.

At his seat, at Acero, in Judermania, aged 72, the Compte de Sparre, formerly Chancellor of Sweden, and Preceptor of the reigning king of Sweden.

### JAMES THORBURN,

No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street.

Returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors.

He has received per the ships Juno and Diligence, from Amsterdam, a large assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes baskets of different sizes—Handsome Toilet baskets—Wine-glass baskets, round and oval—Large and small Trunk baskets—Handsome Market do. —Ladies fine knitting do. of different sizes—handsome Children's do. different patterns—handsome Bread do.—do. Counter do.—do. Tumbler do. different sizes—do. Knife do. &c. &c.

East India, Dunstable, and Holland Table Matts.

Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Pails, Coolers, &c. also common Baskets, different kinds.

### E. WOOFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER,  
No. 154, Broadway,

Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery from London; she has also on hand a quantity of fashionable split straw Bonnets, several boxes of beautiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or retail.

### FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

### Theatre.

On Monday evening, January 23,

WILL BE PRESENTED,  
(Never performed here)

A Dramatic Romance, in 3 Acts,  
called,

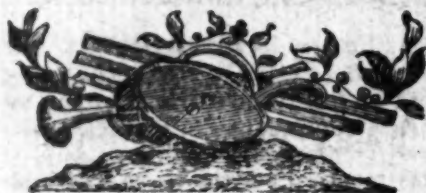
### A TALE of TERROR.

To which will be added,

A Comedy, in 3 Acts, called,

### Next-door Neighbors.





### THE WORN-OUT MARINER.

**O** PRIDE! behold where, at thy lofty gate,  
The famish'd Beggar lies! The lame, the blind,  
The poor artificer, or vet'ran bold,  
Whose guiltless age and mutilated limbs  
Are his proud passports! Dost thou feel for him—  
Thy brother—Man? But nobler than thyself  
By Nature's heraldry! Behold his scars,  
His silver hair, scatter'd by ev'ry blast  
That wings the win'try storm. Does gratitude  
To him present a portion of that wealth,  
Which he, by many an hour of fierce exploit,  
Rescu'd from foreign foes? Does fancy paint,  
Amid thy dreams of labor'd respiration,  
The stormy night, when, on the tatter'd shrouds,  
Drench'd by the pelting show'r, the seaman stood,  
Braving the dreadful gulph that yawn'd below!  
Such was the Mendicant that haunts thy gate;  
So were his youthful hours consum'd for thee!  
When o'er the rocking deck the sulphur'd flash  
Of desolating War its rerrors threw,  
Midst dying groans; while thund'ring, peal on peal,  
The brazen tongue of Slaughter roar'd revenge,  
Making Heaven's concave tremble! See that cheek,  
Wither'd by torrid suns or gelid climes,  
Bath'd with a silent tear! Beside him stands,  
With half-retiring step and modest eye,  
His mis'ry's only hope—a beauteous girl—  
Gentle as innocent! her daily task  
Is filial piety: attention sweet,  
That marks th' angelic mind! Her out-stretch'd arm  
Guides the slow foot-steps of her drooping sire,  
Grown blind with age, and wearied out with toil.  
Yet 'midst the sober wilderness of woe,  
Her voice breaths comfort, and her speaking eye,  
When on a bed of straw her parent sleeps,  
Is rais'd in supplication to that God  
Who mocks distinction! Fortune—dull, and blind—  
Thou, from whose loss uncounted treasures fall,  
Strewing the paths of bloated infamy  
With rich redundancy of Nature's stores,  
Till the pall'd fancy sickens, and the senses  
Faint with satiety: oh, Fortune, blind!  
Hadst thou no little hoard for modest worth?  
No silent nook, in the vast space of earth,  
Where the wrong'd child of Poverty might rest,  
Screen'd from the worst of mortal miseries—  
The cold contempt of Ignorance and Pride?  
Yes—know, high-crested Pride, there yet remains  
One place—one sacred, solitary spot—  
Where he shall rest, remember'd; while thy name  
Shall steal to dark oblivion; when the grave  
Shall be your equal home; and time shall prove  
That Pity's tear, which consecrates the dust  
Of humbled Virtue, shall ascend to heav'n,  
When tombs of kings shall moulder into dust!

LAURA MARIA.

### STANZAS

*On a young Lady, who, being with a fishing party,  
retired into a wood; where, followed by a  
Gentleman, they both were stung  
at the same time, by  
two Gnats.*

**S**OFT zephyrs fan the balmy air,  
And sweetest breezes bring;  
While angling swains, and ladies fair,  
Their silken meshes fling.

Sighing with heat, bright Delia tries  
To seek some cooling shade;  
After the nymph young Damon flies,  
To find the fainting maid.

To love's dire god the spot belongs,  
He guards the sleeping fair;  
And, as the angler speeds along,  
He calls an insect pair.

Soft, as the panting youth draws near,  
To steal a look of bliss,  
One vagrant gnat, on Delia's ear,  
Imprints his venom'd kiss.

Starting, she wakes, and shrieks aloud,  
While t'other gnat, for shame,  
Dives his deep sting in Damon's blood,  
But barb'd with Cupid's flame!

*Ingredients which compose modern Love.*

**T**WENTY glances, twenty tears,  
Twenty hopes, and twenty fears,  
Twenty times assail your door,  
And, if denied, come twenty more!  
Twenty letters, perfum'd sweet,  
Twenty nods in every street.  
Twenty oaths, and twenty lies,  
Twenty smiles, and twenty sighs;  
Twenty times, in jealous rage,  
Twenty beauties to engage.  
Twenty tales, to whisper low,  
Twenty billet doux, to show;  
Twenty times a day, to pass  
Before a flatt'ring looking-glass!  
Twenty times to stop your coach,  
With twenty words of fond reproach;  
Twenty days of keen vexations,  
Twenty—**OPERA** assignations.  
Twenty nights behind the scenes,  
To dangle after mimic queens;  
Twenty such lovers may be found,  
Sighing for—twenty thousand pound!  
But, take my word, ye girls of sense,  
You'll find them not worth **TWENTY PENCE**.

### FOR THE VISITOR.

*Lines address'd to Mrs. J\*\*\* G\*\*\*\*\*, of G. street,  
on seeing her weep in Church.*

**D**EAR J\*\*\*, if with the morning sun,  
No cheering ray of hope appears,  
And when its joyless course is run,  
The pensive evening comes in tears—  
And mem'ry, still in sorrow's aid,  
Will bring—while sad we waste our prime,  
The dear lamented—past—pourtray'd  
The shadow of departed time.  
Ah, then, reflect, these hours we mourn,  
Which nought on earth can e'er restore,  
Will, wing'd with gladness, soon return  
An interest on a happier shore.

CORA.

### JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city.

**GAINE'S  
NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,**  
Containing in addition to its usual information,  
A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. Price 25 cents.

### WHAITES & CHARTERS,

#### PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,  
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

### W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite care and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dry-Street—where may be had his Tincture and Antiscorbutic **TOOTH-POWDER**.

### UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

**T**HE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, **TICKETS** in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. II," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.—Scheme as follows:

1 Prize of	25,000	60	200
1	10,000	120	100
1	5,000	200	50
3	2,000	500	20
7	1,000	9,000	10
20	500		

9,913 Prizes—23,087 Blanks—Less than 2½ blanks to a prize—Subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

The above Lottery will commence drawing in the city of N. York, on the first Tuesday in April, 1804.

N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Cash paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to.

Tickets now selling for 6½ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

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